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The Death of that Famous and Faithful  
MINISTER and MARTYR,

M<sup>r</sup>. JAMES RENWICK

Composed immediately after his Ex-  
ecution at Edinburgh,

February 17th. 1688.

Rev. 2. 13. *I know thy Works, and where thou dwel-  
lest, even where Satans seat is : And thou holdest  
fast my Name, and hast not denyed my Faith; even  
in those dayes wherein Antipas was my faith-  
ful Martyr, who was slain among you, where Sa-  
tan dwelleth.*

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U P O N

The Death, of that Famous and Faithful Minister  
and Martyr,

M<sup>R</sup>. JAMES RENWICK.

H<sup>E</sup>re's work, alas! for Mourners, to deplore  
This fatal stroke, sadly prelaging more!  
In such a day, let's hang our harps on willowes;  
Its not a time of laying heads on pillowes:  
In such a day of Wrath, and Consternation,  
In such a day of Dread, and Desolation;  
A day of tryal, and of treading down,  
A day wherein our head hath lost its Crown,  
A day of Blasphemy, Rebuke and Trouble,  
A day of Darknels, and of Sorrows double,  
A day of great Vexations, and Confusions,  
A day of great Temptations, and Delusions,  
A day of Jumbling, manifold Distractions,  
A day of Stumbling, manifest Defections,  
A day of Famine of the word of Life,  
A day of Sinning, Suffering, and Strife:  
When *Babels* Brats the World so much encumber,  
When *Zions* Sons dayly decrease in number,  
When now the Godly cease, the Faithful fail,  
When few are left, their Funeralsto bewail,  
When nought but Thorns, where Corn grew, we can find,  
When Gold is gone, and Dross but left behind,  
When our *Elijah's*, *Israel's* *Charot's* gone,  
When yet, alas! their Mantle's left with none,  
When many Hypocrites CHRIST's Fan discovers,  
When few are left, that are his loyal Lovers,  
When for his Laws, these few are sore oppressed,

When for his Cause, they're pillag'd and distressed,  
 When those are hunted, and alwayes afflicted,  
 When of all help, and harbour interdicted,  
 When chas'd through Country, and purlu'd in City,  
 When banish'd, butcher'd, yet, in stead of pity,  
 (When counted slaughter sheep, and daily killed,  
 By such as set at ease) they much are filled  
 With insolent contempt, and sad reproaches,  
 Which of all falsehood, still the father broaches:  
 When *Popish* Tyrants: vile *Beelzebubs* drudges,  
 On Thrones of Tyranny, are own'd for Judges,  
 When now like stupid Asses, Men are mute,  
 When such Usurpers challenge absolute  
 And arbitrary power, to sacrifice  
 Religion, Laws, and Lives, and Liberties;  
 When faithful gospel preachers are so few,  
 Insnaring times, to give a warning due;  
 When now foul murdering wolves, Christs flock devour,  
 When watch-men waring are on *Zions* Tower,  
 When few that's called do deserve the name,  
 But many are the ages bane and shame;  
 When now in stead of valour for the truth,  
 And crying loud with Trumpets at their mouth,  
 Upon such loudly clamant, clear occasions;  
 (When *Babels* bastards boldly make invasions,  
 By blinding bribes, corrupting flatteries,  
 By cunning craft, and cheating shams, and lies,  
 Upon our *Covenanted Reformation*,  
 And all our Liberties of Church and Nation  
 Betrayed, by *this Popish Toleration*.  
 Whereby this absolute pow'r is recognosc'd,  
 And all its proud encroachings are ingross'd,  
 Our Laws Divine, Humane, all made void,  
 Religious legal bulwarks all destroy'd,  
 All Blasphemy, Idolatry, and Sin.  
 Now suffered, yea invited to come in,  
 The Church of all her priviledges robb'd,

And

And with a Kiss, under the fifth rib stobb'd;  
In Liew of all her laws, securities,  
All Oaths, and Vows, and solemn promises,  
Having no more assurance, then a blind  
Promise, of one, whom no such bond can bind;  
Her doctrine, worship, and Church Government,  
According to *our Solemn Covenant*,  
All hereby undermin'd and overturn'd,  
For which her Sons should all have rather mourn'd)  
Our Ministers for sin have made *Addresses*,  
Charmed with *Babels* flattering Carrasses,  
Bewitched with this intoxicating drink,  
Which Hell did brew, and Rome with Art did blink:  
Cast in a deep Zeal quenching Lethergie,  
Purchasing hereby ease, and liberty,  
On terms of selling truth, and shifting duty;  
Whereby Christ's bride's depriv'd of all her beauty.  
ur, In such a day to lose a faithful witness,  
And champion accomplished with fitness  
To strive for CHRIST's prerogatives, and laws,  
Must be bemoan'd by all that love his cause;  
Come therefore all ye *Doves*, that dwell i'th' rock,  
Come and deplore this wrath presaging stroke;  
Come chased *birds* hotly pursu'd to mountains;  
Come hunted *harts*, which pant and pray for fountains  
Come *wandering sheep*, without a shepherd straying;  
Come *hidden ones*, afraid of false bewraying;  
Come all ye *faithful followers* of the Lamb,  
Whose heart in Zeal do for his glory flame,  
Whose hearts in fervent love to Christ are burning,  
Whose hearts do melt out at the eyes in mourning;  
Come, with a flood of tears the valleys fill,  
And make your voice resound from hill to hill;  
Cause all the mountains circling round from *Carriick*,  
With roaring noise, rebound as far as *Berwick*;  
From *Carn-table* skirts, and *Abingiloch*,  
To *Marocks* towering highs, and heads of *Killoch*;



From *Tintoeb-tops*, and all the hills of *Cildisdale*,  
To all the hills of *Galloway*, and *Nithsdale*;  
From these about *Black gannoch*, and the *Lothers*,  
To *Crausfoord-muire*, and *Tweddal* hills, and others;  
Wherein we hunted were, through all the glens,  
Wherein ye hiding places sought in dens,  
Wherein ye often forced were to flights,  
Wherein ye often filled were with frights,  
Wherein your hands were strengthened, heads supported,  
Your minds confirmed, and your hearts comforted,  
While your Renowned *Renwick*, now a *Martyr*,  
Was passing through preaching in every quarter,  
His Masters glorious and gracious banner  
Displaying faithfully, in lovely manner:  
Like to a Voice in wildernesses crying,  
Making a noise most sweet, as swans when dying,  
Declaring all GOD's counsel, and revealed  
Truths, which alive he asserted, dying sealed:  
But now in those waste desolate recesses,  
No voice is heard, but mourning for distresses:  
No voice is heard but that of grievous groaning,  
The glory gone, deplorably bemoaning.  
Come therefore and put on your *sable*, Saints,  
Fill all the val's with sad complaints,  
Whereof the *echo* may be heard in Heaven,  
In lamentation for the blow that's given  
Unto the wounded weeping remnant left,  
Which of their *Renwick* is of late bereft,  
By murdering violence of beasts of prey,  
*Romes* bloody whelps, torn from his house of clay,  
How may his little flock, alas, complain!  
How may they now, so great a loss sustain?  
*Scotland* hath lost, the world hath lost a man,  
Whose room supply, there few surviving can:  
The church hath lost a son more pure and dearer  
Than *Ophirs* gold, the truth a *Standard-bearer*,  
Whom hath lost, by this complex disaster,

*Witness, Wrestler, Mourner, and a Pastor ;*  
The scattered sheep, a most laborious *Leader ;*  
Poor hungry Souls, have lost a painful *Feeder ;*  
The Sufferers, have lost a *Sympathiser,*  
The doubtful halting Souls, a *good Adviser ;*  
The weak, a wise encouraging *Supporter ;*  
The wanderers and mourners, a *Comforter ;*  
The tempted Souls, a *Counsellour* in terrours;  
The ignorant, a *Guide* to keep from errors;  
The zealous, from extreams, a holding *Bridle ;*  
The lazy sort, a *Spurre* from being idle ;  
The temporizing sort of faint compliers,  
Duty's deserters, and Christs truths deniers,  
May boldly now proceed in their backsliding,  
Since they that are delivered from his chiding,  
Who never ceas'd to be a free *Reprover,*  
Nor sins and snares in season to *discover.*  
How insupportable is such a cross !  
How irreparable is such a loss !  
Oh, let us now make search that we may know  
What may the meaning be of such a blow !  
What sins have this procur'd, let's meditate,  
What further sorrows may't prognosticate ?  
Our misimprovements lets now confess  
Of such enjoyments, our unworthiness  
Of *Renwick's* gracious Message, little pris'd,  
And of his precious Ministrie despil'd,]  
Our barrenness, and base ingratitude,  
Our weariness of that Angelick food,  
Whereof the worth we know now by the want,  
And must henceforth in tears the loss lament ;  
These have this Rod in righteousness extorted,  
From a just GOD, and left us uncomforted :  
A Rod which we may sadly now suppose,  
A fatal forerunner of future woes,  
Impendent on this base degenerate age ;  
The perishing of worthies must preface,  
That they deliver'd are from that which we

Are call'd to fear, but cannot bear, nor flee:  
But tho' our loss be great, his gain is Glory,  
His Life; his Death, shall be renown'd in story;  
Which death to us most costly and most painful,  
Shall to the *Covenanted cause* be gainful;  
In that, in place of a reproached Pastor,  
A Martyr now renown'd by this disaster,  
Is left us, to their everlasting shame,  
Who ceased not with lies to load his Name,  
And with reproaches foully to belpatter,  
Which malice did contrive, and madness scatter;  
Which fraud invented, as its father fain'd  
Fury did vent, and folly intertain'd.  
Now shall his Name in Monuments of praise,  
(Which to his fame posterity shall rise)  
Still stand recorded, that he was a Martyr,  
Fruitful in life, and faithful in his departure:  
Contemn'd indeed by Apostats, and Scorners;  
But eminent among all Zions mourners:  
For love undoubted, and undaunted faith,  
For constancie unto his final breath,  
For patience abiding in all trial,  
For piety, and humble self denial,  
For meekness true, in condescending tender,  
For strickness due, (he'd not a haire surrender)  
For uniform true Zeal and Moderation,  
Of more then ordinary Elevation:  
Which with an equal pace did still advance,  
'Gainst all defection and extravagance:  
All Bastard Zeal opposing with all boldness,  
As well as dead *Laodicean* coldness:  
For Ministerial diligence much fram'd,  
A Workman needing not to be ashamed;  
In preaching all the Counsel GOD reveal'd,  
His Ministry on many souls was seal'd;  
Which in his Masters strength he did commence,  
And unto its fulfilment did advance,

Against



Against the violentest opposition,  
That ever any Youth in his condition,  
Had to conflict with, and at such a Season,  
When dangers seem'd invincible to reason:  
For like another *Athanasius* bold,  
He all the World oppos'd and controll'd  
And had all sorts of Men upon his top,  
All *Prelatists*, and Vassals of the Pope,  
Who did pursue him with all rage and rigour,  
With might, and malice, violence and vigour:  
Those Brethren also, whom, tho' still he lov'd,  
He could not joyn with, but their sins reprov'd,  
Who unto Men their Ministry subjected,  
Or had submit to mischiefs they enact'd,  
Or by Disorders had their charge perverted,  
Or had their duty in its day deserted,  
Or were in foul Compliances involv'd,  
Or those to daub and plaister were resolv'd,  
Or shamefully were silent at the times,  
*Iniquities*, when duties went for Crimes;  
With those to strive, Zeal for his Masters glory,  
And indignation at their silly, sorry,  
Foolish, and feeble, fainting, cowardice,  
(That few their *all* for truth durst sacrifice)  
His generous soul did vigorously excite,  
For which by some he was oppos'd with spight.  
With malice envy, and with cruel rage,  
That nothing could unto his death asswage,  
Yet maugre all assaults, his bow abode  
In strength, his hands confirm'd by *Jacobs* GOD:  
By frowns, from duty ne're could he be daunted;  
By flatteries, he ne're could be enchanted;  
No fear of danger could him ever fear  
From diligence; Nor disadvantage mar;  
Nor any want of good Accommodations,  
Could stop his pastoral exercitations;  
In painful preaching, visiting, baptising,

in conference, and in catechising:  
Even when in wandering he had no repose,  
But hagg, or hiding holes, in fear of foes:  
Nothing to lay his weary head upon;  
No couch but grass, no pillow but a stone;  
No better chamber oftimes he could have,  
Than a dark den, no closet but a cave;  
Yet under all this inconvenience,  
He could possess his soul in patience;  
His Masters favour above all things loving,  
Himself as his true Minister approving,  
By purity, by charity unfeigned;  
By verity in sanctity mainained,  
By wisdom, patience, by the spirits light,  
By righteousness on the left hand and right,  
Caring for neither calumnies nor honour,  
So that he might his conscience exoner;  
As a deceiver, yet approven true;  
As thô well known, yet known but to a few;  
As daily dying, and yet living still,  
As chastned, yet above their reach to kill;  
As sorrowful, yet joying evermore;  
As poor, yet making many rich in store;  
In many wants, in manifold distresses,  
In pinching, prison, and in wildernesses,  
In painful labours, and in weary watching,  
In cold, and hunger, still in fear of catching;  
In many perils, both by sea, and land,  
From enemies, and from false brethren's hand:  
*Holland in part, Britain, and Ireland know,*  
What perils he was forc'd to undergo:  
In none of which he any rest could find,  
But every where, both foes and friends combin'd;  
By tongue, and hand, him still to persecute,  
In a most keen and violent pursure:  
Hence such a prize was set upon his head,  
And did entice to catch him, quick or dead;

*Hells!*

Hells hottest Harpies, Villians, vildest Vermine,  
Who by all means to take him did determine:  
Therefore in fury they the chase did follow,  
By Hue and Cry, and many hideous hollow;  
Through Cities, Countrie, Villages of Boors,  
Through wettest Mosses, and through wildest Muirs,  
Through highest Mountains, and remotest Glens,  
Compelling him to Caves and hidden Dens:  
Where weary, cold, and hungry, he could find  
No comfort, but what from the Heavens shin'd;  
Yet after all their proad designs were done,  
His work, to them prov'd *Sisyphus* his stone;  
Still with renowned force, a fresh returning,  
The bush did burn, but did not wast in burning;  
His despicable Followers, tho few,  
The more they were afflicted, more they grew:  
All *Proclamation*, cruel *Prohibitions*,  
All *Cireuit Courts* of *Spanish Inquisitions*,  
(Imposing conscience, cozning Oaths and Bonds,  
Recusants, banishing to Forreign Lands,  
Or Murdering by bloody Butchers hands)  
Could never either yet their cumbers finish,  
Nor so much as their Number yet deminish,  
Nor crush, or cool his unapall'd Zeal,  
Nor of his Ministry cancel the Seal,  
Engraven on the hearts of many hearers,  
Who were *Jehovah's* followers and fearers:  
Which now's impressed with a deeper stamp,  
Since the expiring of this burning Lamp:  
Whose latest sparklings hath so brightly blaz'd,  
That many eyes were dazl'd and amaz'd,  
To see now visibly without a cloud,  
(And legibly in Characters of blood)  
The adversaries tyranny disclos'd,  
Their calumnies confute, that him oppos'd;  
That those despised truths have overcome,  
For which contending he got Martyrdom.

His testimony for his Masters Cause;  
The Churches Liberties, and Nations Laws;  
(For which in Life he mightily contended)  
Now by his Death to many much commended;  
Who searching what could be the cause, or crime,  
Wherefore he lost his Life at such a time;  
Did find that only he was too distinct  
In speaking that, which many others think.

This was the only Crime, was on him charg'd,  
Thô to the hight of his own self enlarg'd:  
Because these Soul-enriching *Rendezvous*,  
Of Christs *Militia*, in the Fields, or House,  
The Devils grand-eye-sore, and great vexation,  
Of all his friends, and foes of Reformation:  
(Where hungry souls with Heavenly food were nourish'd,  
And where a Banner faithfully was flourish'd,  
For the *Regalia* of the Churches Head,  
And Liberties, wherewith he hath her freed)  
He never suffer would to be suppress'd.  
Nor that the duty should not be confess'd;  
Now when it was declared Capital,  
And when by Law discharg'd as Criminal;  
And by its old promoters now deserted,  
Whom *Papish Tolerations* have perverted:  
In such a case he vigorously contended,  
That *Meetings* should be valiantly defended,  
By *Arms defensive*, which the Law of Nature,  
And Law of God, allows to every Creature;  
When now they were in daily jeopardice,  
Of having blood mixt with their Sacrifice.

This also was his Crime, or rather Crown,  
That he would not a *Papish Monster* own;  
Sitting upon a Throne of Tyranny,  
Usurp'd by rapin, blood, and treachery;  
Nor pay alledgiance to his *Absolut Pow'r*,  
As pimp employed for the *Romish whore*;  
Nor say, a Robbers sacrilegious Rod;

Was

Was now the Sacred Ordinance of GOD;  
When such in Sacred writ, is called rather  
A Fox, or Dog, then a Politick Father.

In fine, for this he also was indyted;  
Because to bear the Cross he us invited,  
Rather than pay an execrable Cess  
Impo'd our Gospel, meetings to suppress;  
For raising Forces Tyranny to strengthen,  
Our much enthral'd misery to lengthen,  
For ruine the weak Remnant left devoting,  
The Church and State Supremacy promoting,  
For Tests of lawless Loyalty enacted,  
And for betraying Liberty enacted,  
The full amount then of his Accusation,  
Of all his troubles, the alone occasion,  
Was that at wickedness he'd never wink;  
But still spake out, what others durst but think;  
From which, unto the death he would not swerve,  
But boldly spake his mind without reserve,  
To Prelatists, and Papists, in their fury,  
And to Professors sitting on his jury:  
Invincibly he all their tricks withstood,  
Inflexibly resisting unto blood:  
And for his Life to Supplicat disdain'd,  
Lest he should have his Testimony stain'd  
By which, through blood of Lamb he overcame,  
And lov'd not Life too dearly for the same:  
Which fruitfully h' affirmed during breath,  
And faithfully confirmed by his death;  
In such a measure of Humility,  
Of Patience, Meekness, Zeal, and Constancy;  
That it to Enemies hath been confounding,  
To Neutralists conviction much redounding,  
To Hesitants and Halters Confirmation,  
And to all Zions mourners Consolation.  
Hence in a bloody Chariot he hath gone,  
To see, and stand before, Emmanuel's Throne;



His hands with Palms, his head with pleasant Bayes,  
His Cloaths in white, do sparkle glittering Rayes  
Of Glory; Glory singing, and salvation  
To Him that brought him out of tribulation;  
Unto the Throne and Temple of his GOD,  
Where everlasting he hath abode;  
Where without intermission night or day,  
Where without interruption or delay,  
Without all cares, without all fains or fears,  
Without all fears, without all plaints or tears,  
He serves, he sings, he sees the Lamb that's feeding,  
And unto Lovely Living Waters leading:  
Where leave we him, full of *Jehovah's* Joy,  
Whom no more sin, or sorrow, can annoy;  
And rest lamenting, while in the vale of tears,  
Our growing grief, and fresh recurring fears,

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An *Anagram* on his Name,

MASTER JAMES RHENWICK,

I AM CHRIST'S MEEK SERVANT.

ANOTHER

MASTER JAMES RENWICK,

MINE MARCK IS EVER THE SAME.

An ACROSTICK on the same.

|               |  |
|---------------|--|
| Weakness and  | Magnanimity most rare,                   |
| Advanc'd thy  | Actions, with advantage fair,            |
| Commissive    | Self denial, suffering slights,          |
| Quitted with  | True Zeal, for <i>Emmanuel's</i> Rights, |
| Extoll'd thee | Early in Esteem and Fame,                |
| Renowned      | Renwick, EVERMORE THE SAME,              |

|              |                                      |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| Unobtainable | Fire was thy constant Joy,           |
| Long thy     | Always arduous employ,               |
| Magnifi'd    | Martyr! men thee much admire:        |
| Enemies      | Envy, and enraged ire,               |
| Blaming them | Selves, thy sufferings to bespatter; |

|                    |                                     |
|--------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Approaches         | Restless, with renown did scatter.  |
| Imminent           | Enterprises in all dangers,         |
| Obble thy          | Name have notifi'd to Strangers.    |
| Exactions          | Various, suffered valiantly,        |
| Abalm'd thy        | Innocence to memory.                |
| Comfort from       | Christ did stop all thy Complaints. |
| Will'd thou'rt for | Keeping His Commandments.           |

E I N I S.

